

## A GIRL LOVES...

Above all other earthly possessions—  
A DIAMOND RING.

Now is a good time for you to give her one. Our Christmas stock is large and our prices the lowest. Write us at once.



## His Receipt.

A southern banker recently told the following about his 8-year-old son: The boy had been invited to spend a week with some little friends in the country. "Stay and keep me company, Jack," said his mother. "Father goes traveling this week, and I shall be all alone. Here is a \$5 bill for you instead of the visit."

Jack promptly closed with the offer, and the banker as promptly borrowed the \$5 at current interest, thereby keeping, as he observed when telling the story, both the boy and the money in the family. Some two months later Jack wanted to recall the loan.

"What \$5 do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Why, the \$5 I gave you."

"I haven't any \$5."

"But I gave it to you. Mother, didn't I give him \$5? You saw me."

"I certainly did," she replied.

"Where's your receipt, then?" demanded his father. "Do you mean to say you've been lending money without getting black and white to show for it?"

"Mamma," said the boy, appealing to his nurse, "didn't I give papa \$5?"

"You pob' little lamb!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman. "Go 'se you done gib it to him, honey."

"There, papa," said the budding lawyer, triumphantly, "there's the black and white of it."—From the Delinquent.

Father Was "Wise" to Game.

A student at the University of Pennsylvania had been going a fast pace with the boys of his class and fraternity and had had frequent interviews with father concerning debts and other financial troubles occasionally by the drain his pleasures had made on his source of supply.

Several times the "governor" had been compelled to get various articles of value back from the boy's "uncle," and the relation of provider and spender was strained.

One day the student wired father that his watch had fallen into deep water in the Schuylkill river and he wanted "at once" \$25 to hire a diver to recover it. The answer came as follows:

"Nothing on the \$25. Cheaper to soak the watch where it is."

Every Woman Knows.

That Salome isn't so bad as she thought it was going to be.

That her present gowns are wholly inadequate to the occasion.

That it is a great mistake not to buy a new motor car every year.

That her own family physician is the only man who knows anything about medicine.

That her own particular husband is not so large hearted and generous as the husband of some other woman.

—Life.

The Woman's Fault.

"You told me," she sadly said, "When you persuaded me to elope with you that you would never permit anything to come between us—that you would cherish my love all your days, and that I should never have cause to regret for a moment that I had placed my happiness in your keeping."

"Oh, well, confound it," he replied, "what's the use of harping on that. If you hadn't kept a lot of your faults hidden from me I'd never have fallen in love with you or wanted you to elope, so you have only yourself to blame."

What's in a Name.

"Maria, who is the young squirt that comes here about six nights in the week to see Bessie?"

"You'd better speak a little more respectfully, John, of the young man who is likely to be your son-in-law."

"All right, Maria; what's the adventurer's name?"—Chicago Tribune.

Why?

"When I was a child," said the man who wanted to do all the talking and claim all the attention, "I was so delicate that my parents were afraid they would not be able to raise me."

"Why," asked the little man who had previously been unable to get a chance to say anything, "were they afraid?"

What Is Life Worth?

"He forgets that he owes me his life!"

"That's nothing; he even forgets that he owes me \$5!"—Puck.

He Won't Believe It.

It is useless to try to convince the man who has succeeded that luck entered into his case.

The Fashionable Way.

"Do you know, Mary, that we are spending every cent I earn?"

"Well, I don't see why you should complain. All the other people in our set are spending a good deal more than they earn. What's the use being so penurious?"

How?

"Have you ever walked in your sleep?"

"Sure. How could a man get married if he didn't while in a trance, walk up to the altar?"

## SERIAL STORY

## =HER= INFINITE VARIETY

By Brand Whitlock

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1907, by Bobbe-Merrill Co.)

## SYNOPSIS.

Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiancée was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital. Both regretted it, the girl more than he, because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said she yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by a plea for suffrage for women. He met the author, a pretty Miss Maria Greene, of Chicago, who proposed to convert him into voting for house resolution No. 19. Miss Greene secured Vernon's promise to vote for the suffrage resolution. He also aided her by convincing others. He took a liking to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor. Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragette had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancée's letter. Vernon made a great speech in favor of suffrage, aided by glances from Miss Greene.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

When he had done, there was a moment's stillness; then came the long sweep of applause that rang through the chamber, and while the lieutenant-governor rapped for order, men crowded around Vernon and wrung his hand, as he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. And then the roll was called. It had not proceeded far when there was that subtle change in the atmosphere which is so easily recognized by those who have acquired the sense of political atmosphere; the change that betokens some new, unexpected and dangerous maneuver.

Braidwood had come over from the house. His face, framed in its dark beard, was stern and serious. He whispered an instant to Porter, the senate leader. Porter rose.

"Mr. President," he said.

The lieutenant-governor was looking at him expectantly.

"The gentleman from Cook," the lieutenant-governor said.

"Mr. President," said Senator Porter, "I move you, sir, that the further discussion of the resolution be postponed until Wednesday morning, one week from to-morrow, and that it be made a special order immediately following the reading of the journal."

"If there are no objections it will be so ordered," said the lieutenant-governor.

Bull Burns shouted a prompt and hoarse "Object!"

But the lieutenant-governor calmly said:

"And it is so ordered."

The gavel fell.

## CHAPTER VI.

After the adjournment Vernon sought out Maria Greene and walked with her down Capitol avenue toward the hotel. He was prepared to enjoy her congratulations, but she was silent for a while, and before they spoke again "Doc" Ames, striding rapidly, had caught up with them. He was still scowling.

"I was sorry you didn't finish your speech as you intended, sir," he said, with something of the acerbity of a reproach.

"Why," began Vernon, looking at him, "—"

"You laid out very broad and comprehensive ground for yourself," the old man continued, "but unfortunately you did not cover it. You should have developed your subject logically, as I had hoped. Indeed, in the beginning, you were going to do. An argument based on principle would have been more to the point than an appeal to the passions. I think Miss Greene will agree with me. I am sorry you did not acquaint me with your intention of addressing the senate on this important measure; I would very much have liked to confer with you about what you were going to say. It is not contemplated by those in the reform movement that the charms of woman shall be advanced as the reason for her right to equal suffrage with man. It is purely a matter of cold, abstract justice. Now, for instance," the doctor laid his finger in his palm, and began to speak didactically, "as I have pointed out to the house, whatever the power or the principle that gives to man his right to make the law that governs him, to woman it gives the same right. In 37 states the married mother has no right to her children; in 16 the wife has no right to her own earnings; in eight she has no separate right to her property; in seven—"

Vernon looked at Miss Greene helplessly, but she was nodding her head in acquiescence to each point the doctor laid down in his harsh palm with that long forefinger. Vernon had no chance to speak until they reached the hotel. She was to take the midday train back to Chicago, and Vernon had insisted on going to the station with her. Just as she was about to leave him to go up to her room she said, as on a sudden impulse:

"Do you know that the women of America, yes, the people of America, owe you a debt?"

Vernon assumed a most modest attitude.

"If we are successful," she went on, "the advocates of equal suffrage all over the United States will be greatly encouraged; the reform movement everywhere will receive a genuine impetus."

"You will be down next Wednesday when the resolution comes up again, won't you?" asked Vernon.

"Indeed, I shall," she said. "Do you have any hopes now?"

"Hopes?" laughed Vernon. "Why, certainly; we'll adopt it. I'll give my whole time to it between now and then. If they don't adopt that resolution I'll block every other piece of legislation this session, appropriations and all. I guess that will bring them to time!"

"You're very good," she said. "But I fear Mr. Porter's influence."

"Oh, I'll take care of him. You trust it to me. The women will be voting in this state next year."

"And you shall be their candidate for governor!" she cried, clasping her hands.

Vernon colored; he felt a warm thrill course through him, but he waved the nomination aside with his hand. He was about to say something more, but he could not think of anything quickly enough. While he hesitated, Miss Greene looked at her watch.

"I've missed my train," she said, quietly.

Vernon grew red with confusion.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he said. "It was all my fault and it was certainly very stupid of me."

"It's of no importance. Where must I go to reserve space on the night train?" said Miss Greene.

Vernon told her, and proffered his services. He was now delighted at the philosophical way in which she accepted the situation—it would have brought the average woman, he reflected, to tears—and then he went on to picture to himself the practical results in improving women's characters that his new measure, as he had already come to regard it, would bring about.

## CHAPTER VII.

Maria Greene would not let Vernon attend to her tickets; she said it was a matter of principle with her; but late in the afternoon, when they had had luncheon, and she had got the tickets herself, she did accept his invitation to drive. The afternoon had justified all the morning's promise of a fine spring day, and as they left the edges of the town and turned into the road that stretched away over the low

hills, that never can become mere fields, however much they be tilled or fenced. The brown earth, with its tinge of young green here and there, or its newly plowed clods glistening and steaming in the sun, rolled away like the sea. Far off, standing out black and forbidding against the horizon, they could see the ugly buildings of a coal shaft; behind, above the trees that grew for the city's shade, the gray dome of the State House reared itself dominating the whole scene. The air shimmered in the haze of spring. Birds were chirping in the hedges; now and then a meadow-lark sprang into the air and fled, crying out its strange staccato song as it skimmed the surface of the prairie. Vernon idly snapped the whip as he drove along; neither of them seemed to care to speak. Suddenly they heard a distant, heavy thud. The earth trembled slightly.

"What's that?" said Miss Greene, in some alarm. "It couldn't have been thunder."

"No," said Vernon, "it was the miners, blasting."

"Where?"

"Down in the ground underneath us."

She gave him a strange look which he did not comprehend. Then she turned and glanced quickly at the black breakers of the coal shaft, half a mile away; then at the golf-players.

"Do the mines run under this ground?" she asked, sweeping her hand about and including the links in her gesture.

"Yes, all over here, or rather under here," Vernon said. He was proud of his knowledge of the locality. He thought it argued well that a legislator should be informed on all questions. Maria thought a moment, then she said:

"The golfers above, the miners below."

Vernon looked at her in surprise. The pleasure of the spring had gone out of her eyes.

"Drive on, please," she said.

"There's no danger," said Vernon, reassuringly, clucking at his horse, and the beast flung up its head in a spasmodic burst of speed, as lively stable horses will. The horse did not have to trot very far to bear them away from the crack of the golf balls and the dull subterranean echoes of the miners' blasts, but Vernon felt that a cloud had floated all at once over this first spring day. The woman sitting there beside him seemed to withdraw herself to an infinite distance.

"You love the country?" he asked, feeling the need of speech.

"Yes," she said, but she went no farther.

"And you once lived there?"

"Yes," she said again, but she vouchsafed no more. Vernon found a deep curiosity springing within him; he longed to know more about this young woman who in all outward ways seemed to be just like the women he knew, and yet was so essentially different from them. But though he tried, he could not move her to speak of her own life or its affairs. At the last he said boldly:

"Tell me, how did you come to be a lawyer?"

Miss Greene turned to meet his inquisitive gaze.

"How did you?" she asked.

Vernon cracked his whip at the road.

"Well," he stammered, "I don't know. I had to do something."

"So did I," she replied.

Vernon cut the lazy horse with the whip, and the horse jerked the buggy as it made its professional feint at trotting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Surnames in Bosnia.

Bosnia is a land where a man's surname very often varies according to his religion. In the old days families often divided their members between Christianity and Islam, so as to be certain to have friends on the winning side, much as old Scottish families in some cases deliberately divided themselves between Jacobite and Hanoverian. In such Bosnian cases, Sir Charles Elliot explains, all representatives of the original family recognize each other as relatives, but generally they use different names for the two branches, conveying the same meaning in Slavonic and Turkish respectively. For example, there are the names Ratkovich and Jenetich ("Rat" and "Jenett" both meaning paradise), and Sokolich and Shahin agich ("Sokol" and "Shahin" both meaning falcon).

## His Kick.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Stiles, "that you'd try to keep yourself neater."

"But, my dear," protested her husband, "you're not so careful—"

"That's just it. You should be more careful of me."

"I'm not? I'm certainly more careful of my clothes than you—"

## Liked the Fighting Apostle

Name of St. Peter Appealed to Heart of Soldier.

It is well known that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, not only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid soldiers out of his own pocket. Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum used to tell this story:

"While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a clergyman, entered the tent and

said he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation.

"Church, church," said Mr. Howe without looking up from his bills he was counting; "building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is it?"

"St. Peter's church," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, St. Peter's," said Mr. Howe; "well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle—he cut a man's ear off. I'll go \$500 on St. Peter, but I am spending most of my money on salt-peter now."

## MOTHER GIVES UP LIFE, BUT CHILDREN PERISH

Brave Woman and Little Son Fight Flames in Vain—Five Cremated Alive.

Pittsburg, Pa.—While vainly battling to save the lives of her children who were sleeping in upstairs rooms, Mrs. Frances A. Marlow, aged 37, and four children were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed their home near Sandy Creek, Penn. township.

The children who lost their lives are: Clyde Marlow, aged 12; Isa Marlow, aged five; William Marlow, Jr., aged three, and Glenn Marlow, aged six months. Lisle Marlow, aged 11, the only other member of the family at home at the time of the fire, had a narrow escape from death.

The husband and father, William Marlow, is in Butler county on a

hunting trip, and has not learned of the tragedy. The two oldest boys, Frank and Clifford, went to work early in the morning, and shortly after they had left the house a lamp exploded in the kitchen, where Mrs. Marlow and Clyde were eating breakfast. Seeing she could not extinguish the flames, Mrs. Marlow told Clyde to go to the room where Lisle and the baby, Glenn, were sleeping and get them out of the house.

The boy succeeded in arousing Lisle, who made his escape. Clyde then took little William in his arms and was trying to get down the stairs when he was overcome by the smoke and fell. Mrs. Marlow went to the room occupied by Isa and the baby, Glenn, but she was also overcome by the smoke and was unable to rescue the children. The charred bodies of the mother and four children were found in the cellar after the house was burned to the ground.

Lisle, scarcely clad and dazed by fright, ran to the house of a neighbor, William Stoner, who gave the alarm. William Marlow, Sr., grandfather of the children, who lives about a mile away, on the Frankstown road, was also notified, and hurried to the home of his son. When neighbors arrived the flames had gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the house or its contents.

Was Overcome by Smoke and Fell.

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